# The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Fridey by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., N.A. (Editor and General Manager); Aloxander Woolkott, Sgt., M.D.N.A.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.; John T. Winterich, Pvt., A.S.; H. W. Roas, Pvt., Engrs., Ry.; C. Le Roy Baldridge, Pvt., Inf., Business: R. H. Waldo, Capt., Inf., U.S.R.; Milton J. Ayers, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.R.; Adolph Ochs, 2nd Lieut., Cav., U.S.R.; Stuart Carroll, Q.M. Sgt., Q.M.C.

Staff Circulation Representative for Great Britain: Wm. C. Cartinhour, 2nd Lieut., A.G., U.S.R.; Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canadan: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months, to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In Ergland, to soldiers, 8 francs for six months, to civilians Se. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THL STARS AND STRIPES, C.2, A.E.F., 1

application.
THE STARS AND STRIPES, G 2, A.E.F., 1
Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.
Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1918

Enclosed is Leeb frames for the care of two french orphans. This is being sent just on the we of our cuttaine into battle; we will write forch detail later.

more in detail later.
Thus wrote Company A,--Engineers, a

Hundreds of writers are writing millions of words trying to describe the spirit of the A.E.F., but we doubt if any genius of the pen will ever convey to paper the spirit of the A.E.F. so strikingly and completely as it is set down in those two sim-

#### SPORT FOR WHO'S SAKE?

The five Artillerymen who used their field piece like a rifle on the southern bank field prece like a rife on the sauthern bank of the Marne in the opening hours of the fifth great offensive of 1918, scattering the Hun hordes that were crossing the river until every man of the five was killed, did not ask to be allowed to wait over a battle and come in on the next.

Wherefore we can only shout "Bravo" in a faint and measurements vales when we

in a faint and unconvincing voice when we learn that Ty Cobb is quoted as saying that he will enlist in the service at the close of the present season. Wherefore we are moved to blush when

game of old, and now that the whole world is rocking, we like to see this touch of stability in it—a ration one hundred per cent in the war, but still the same beloved

cent in the war, out still the same beloved country keeping itself same and healthy and supporting the same beloved game. But if the row keeps up, some of us are going to lose our patience. And this news-paper, unless the whole petty, impatriotic squabble stops, may mysteriously lose its sporting page at the same time.

## JUST PLAIN CUSSING

It is violating no confidence to state that some soldiers cass. It is equally true that some cass more than others. But it is not to be forgotten that some soldiers don't

Soldiers are just like other folks, a thing some people find extremely hard to under-stand. Cussing isn't by any means a vice peculiar to the military profession.

peculiar to the military profession.
It isn't our purpose to condone cussing,
or to advocate its free and unlimited coinage in the A.E.F. We merely wish to
point out that it is a habit which some people bring into the Army with them, just as they bring other habits, such as brushing their teeth and parting their hair on the side. Being a careless habit, born sometimes of years of careless speech and a mistaken sense of emphasis, it doesn't at all imply blasphemous thoughts or irrevarial imply blasphemous thoughts or irrevariate towards the Deity on the part of the doughboy.

A soldier who cusses may not be what the ladies call a "nice" man, but it doesn't follow that he's an irreverent, godless wretch. He has seen too much of the works and wonders of God, too much of the divine in the actions of God's children agency of Hachette et Cie, cares for the they bring other habits, such as brushing

the divine in the actions of God's children about him to be blasphemous at heart. So, when some of the brethren, both here and at hone, are inclined to be capitous, we ask them to hold up a bit and reflect.

THE UNCHRONICLED

The aviators you hear about, the aviators whose names are written large and sent over the cables to the waiting world at home, are those gallant chasse-pilots of the combat squadrons who are hailed by wall as each being and sent over the cables to the waiting world at home, are those gallant chasse-pilots of the combat squadrons who are hailed by wall as each being material by to win the war.

at hone, most grandrons who are hailed by us all as each brings down his Hun.

But you never hear the names of those flyers of the observation groups who, from dim dawn to dark, reconnoiter over the enemy lines, taking pictures, spotting troop movements, annuasking batteries, the piercing eyes of the Commander-in-Chief whereby he may know-as he did in mid-July—where and when the enemy will

strike.
Yet it is as sconts that the airmen have won their big place in the world war. Except in the heat of battle, when the chasse pilots turn in a twinkling into swift, light, infinitely mobile artillery and swarm down on the foe like an outraged hive of

down on the foe like an outraged hive of fierce, giant hornets, their sole business is to protect their own observation and play havoe with the enemy.

They but guard and serve the observers. The flyers of the observation groups are not even allowed to give battle in the air except in self-defense. They have more important work to do. Not for them is the glittering, spectacular rôle. Nor the glory thereof.

That is one of the ironies of war. It

fighters of this heroic age—no pen that has enough of eloquence to write the saga of the great unchronicled.

The American nurse who was wounded on July 15 when German aviators wantonly bombed a Red Cross hospital was not the first of our nurses to win a wound stripe. There were women's names in the first casualty list of the A.E.F.—two nurses seriously hurt in the hospital bomb-

nurses seriously hurt in the hospital bombing last September.

Like the doctors, all the training the nurses had had at home prepared them daily for the work the Army asked of them, and so, when war was declared, they were ready for immediate duty. That is why they were in the first contingent to reach France, and that is why, all through the first converges of the the first year, while other branches of the service were busy learning their new job, we were able to lend anywhere from 500 to 600 nurses at a time to the British armies. Two of them wear the coveted

armies. Two of them wear the coveted British Military Medal.

Now they are doing the same work behind the American lines, working in the base, field, camp, evacuation and mobile hospitals, working often under shell fire, tending the Yanks as they have tended the Tomnies. If you had gone last week to one of those little energency camps would be harmed to be a superfixed to the coversity of the c near the Marne, pitched a few miles behind the spot where the fighting was hottest, and where all day and all night long the ambulances drove up with their loads 

the distinction of having not only useful but dangerous work to do even in the most sheltered areas of the S.O.S. There

they must fight not Germans, but con-tagion.

They have had to fight not only the ordinary allments such as numps and measles, but they have had to battle with searlet fever and spinal meningitis. One of our nurses has died of meningitis and another of searlet fever. Searlet fever. too. has disabled several others so that they have had to give up their work here and go back to America.

Recently a rallying call was lifted at

home to summon 25,000 more trained nurses to the colors. It is a call to an honorable, vital, dangerous service, of which the proud chronicle will form one of the impressive and moving chapters in the history of the A.E.F.

#### THE LEAST OF THESE

It is not the support of a nation buying billions of dollars' worth of Liberty

Wherefore we are moved to blush when Eddie Ainsmith, called in the draft, appeals to the Secretary of War.

Wherefore we are getting just a little bit annoyed at all the pother by big league magnates about the "essential" quality of the whole professional baseball industry.

We are, most of us, faus, either rip-roarers or mild ones. We like to follow the game of old, and now that the whole world is made in the excitement of the control o list the tons have not two pounts of let her bread burn in the excitement of listening to our last letter, and that the lady next door to her is working in an office and keeping the children in school while her, husband is over here.

And then an incident like the follow-ing, received by an officer in France from his wife in America, comes along and

clinelies that trust:

We have a poor district. All the people are of the laboring class; the women mostly do day's work it has been wonderful how they's early and the bear of them are all ready and go to some nook and bring out two or three dellars want to help them are all ready and go to some nook and bring out two or three dellars want to help two though it is so little they an give. They all say they want to help the solution of the bear of the boxer flore, that it's the indired and does want to help the solution of the boxer flore, that it's the indired and does want to help the solution of the boxer flore, that it's the indired and does want in get brace in the help the bear of the boxer flore, that it's the indired and does want in get brace is numbered but her husband bay had been in the hespital for six weeks and the laboration.

The seeming endless driving and exertion, where the properties of the bring wind and cold and chilling her in the hespital for six weeks and the laboration. dinches that trust:

had a hard time getting alons

GETTING OUT THE RAFE

Throughout France, and in chiatever countries besides France the A.E.F. can be found, there are scattered outposts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, each presided over by a soldier and a car, usually who would not live his life in soldier factor.

We would trade

His soldier's let nor want to be in France? William Britfford, 2nd Lt., A.G.D. sided over by a soldier and a car, usually a Ford. It is the business of the soldier and the car to get the paper distributed to the units to which he is assigned.

agents, however, that the Army newspaper is distributed. The great French news agency of Hachette et Cie, cares for the newsstand sales all over France, and has cared for them so well that last week it

Trenches.
One Regiment Wins 16 Croix de Guerr
A.E. Patrols Make Daylight Calls on
Army Has Stood Test, Says G.H.Q.

ment. U.S. Engineers Once Again in Thick of It. Recognize them? They are not, as you might suppose, from newspapers two or three years old—hardly—or even from newspapers six months old. They were printed in this newspaper no longer ago han last March.

Now for the American communiqué of Wednesday, July 17:
"In the Marne sector our troops have

entirely regained possession of the south ank of the river.

And of July 25:
"Between the Aisne and the Marne our troops again broke the enemy resistance and continued their advance, taking many dditional prisoners."

It's a long, long way back to the "first raids into Carman trenches" and "day-light calls on Huns." No longer are we a handful of troops in

glittering, spectacular role. Nor the glory thereof.

That is one of the ironies of war. It must be so, and, after all, there is no roll long enough to honor all the anonymous doing an Army's work.

No longer are we a handful of troops in clearly so a jackal's feast, O carrion subtraining, a little group of raiding parties, lime, on matter how we scoff at thee, we eat thee every time. Willie, Corned with the constant of the constant of the same of the constant of the consta

# The Army's Poets

#### THE A.E.F.

THE A.E.F.
Their vanished dreams wait through the mist,
They left the home fires burning,
To face the shadow out beyond and take
their fighting chance.
And now, in endless marching sweep without a
backward turning,
Their lines are bletting out the roads, the
long while reads of France.

And ghosts of years that used to be before the final order.
And dreams of years that wait ahead beneath some friendly sun.
Must fade together through the mist, where out the shell-swept border
Their goal is now the western front until the job is done.

It's sweet enough to dream at dusk of eager wistful faces. Of eyes that look across the sea to where

or eyes that look across the season the lost track runs
of maple-shadowed lanes that wind through well remembered places.
That come and go like startled ghosts bewildered by the guns.

It's sweet enough to dream and hear the lonely night wind calling. With ghosts of voices blown across the weary miles between:
So hear them whisper back to you, as soft as rose leaves falling.
Of life where summer days were long and summer fields were geen.

How many years it used to be nobody may

remember,

For marching men have come between in never-ending line.

And June, arrayed with shrapnel snow, is because the sheet suffer suffer guins and the mud are waiting for the sign.

For Fate must gather in its toll and leave its legions sleepling.
Where ghosts and dreams must bide their time until the tale is spun:
Must fade together in the mist where, through the red dawn creeping.
Their goal is now the western front until the job is done.
Grantland Rice, A.E.F.

Grantland Rice, A.E.F.

#### AN AMBULANCE DRIVER'S PRAYER

Mid blinding rain this inky night, Loud bursting shells each foot of road, Thy Light, O Christ, will guide me right, To save this gasting, dying load.

Their shattered limbs have followed Thee; Their wounded bands have done Thy work They bled, O Lord, to make men free; They fought the light—they did not shirk. Light, Chaplain Thomas F. Conkley.

### C'EST CA

I shorely ain't must ov a soldier, Er else they w'uld give me a gun-instead ov a axe an' a crosseut. For fightin' agin th' dern Hun.

Pil own that it shore is some safer. Plamb back from th' hell-scrapin' line; Ar' yit, jest a'thinkin' o' safety. "" me don't appear very line.

An' even th' bloomin' ole papers Don't carry no picters ov us; In some ways, we might as well be A thousand o' miles frum th' fuss. An' yit I jest kaint help a-thinkin'
O' what in th' devil we'd do
With nothin' but crosscuts an' axesIf ever them Bosches got through.
Corp. Vance C, Criss. — Eagrs.

## THE MULE SKINNERS

A wet and elipnery road,
And dusky figures possing in the night,
The smell of steaming hide and soaking lenthThe mittered outh,
The sharp command as troops give way to
right. The sharp command as troops give way to right.

Then clatter on through mud and streaming weather.

The creak and groan of wheels.

And batteries that rumble down the road With pound and splash of hoof and chains a-rattle.

The driver's spurring chirp.

The tunging as the mules take up the load And 'bove it all the roar of distant battle.

### STEVEDORES

They are the fellows you very seldem see: You find them at the bases with the Q.M.C. A good many of us don't see the right way; In the Army we all have our own part to play

Because he's not at the front yen may say he is sheek.
But nevertheless he's playing the Q.M.C. strongheck he's playing the Q.M.C. And when it comes to handling supplies he's beaven't been looking at him just as we should.

These boys haven't shed any blood for Uncle yet, But they're hustling and hustling, fast, don't you forget. Many wonder whether these fellows do good or not--

Or note-Don't ask me, but watch these supplies get to the spot.

to the spot.

They short the goods both day and night;

They shove food, clothing and ammunition
with all their might;

in fact, everything used in the whote A.E.F.—
The big Q.M.C. couldn't do all that by himself.

Stevedores at the back are doing a big part; To whip the Kaiser is in their big free heart. They would like to help stir the Kaiser's nest But Uncle thought to have them handle supplies was best. Sgt. Orien D. Barlow, Stevedore Regt.

### AS THINGS ARE

The old home State is drier new Than forty-seven chicks Of forty-seven desert hems 'A-chewin' peanat shucks.

There everybody's standin' sad Beside the Fishhill store, 'A-sweatin' dust an' spittin' rust Because there ain't no more. The constable, they write, has went A week without a pinch. There min't no jobs, so there's a gent 'At sure has got-a cinch.

I ain't a-gonna beef a bit, But still, it's kinda nice, 'A-knowin' where there's some to git Without requestin' twice.

### A SUBSISTENCY

compound of wrecked flesh, rent and torn asunder,
How do we e'er digest thy potency, I wonder—
Cold, killed cattle pounded into paste.
Pressed into tins and shipped to us in haste.
Greedily we eat thee, hot or cold or clammish,
How welcomely thou thuddest in the mess tins
of the famished.
O leavings of a jackal's feast, O carrion sublime.

# PEACE



"WE WILL BRING PEACE BY OUR SHINING SWORD"-Wilhelm

# THAT GIRL OF YOURS BACK HOME

THAT GIRL OF YOURS BACK HOME.

That stirl of yours, back know, has emisted for the war. No, in the vast majority of cares she isn't coming over as a murse, as a "phone operator, as a XM or XW, or Red Cross of K. of C. worker—no such luck, for everybody can't come over that was, Rus she has emisted for the war, for the war work back lone, and she has emisted for the war, for the war work back lone, and she has emisted for the war, and is such a worker has emisted for the war, and is such a work and the same in the properties of the war, and is such a work on the same has emisted for the war, and is such a work of the law work on the same has emisted for the war, and the said she wished she were a major year. The properties were a major of the work of th

## THE AM. TR. BOYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Since reading several copies of your very
interesting paper, we have decided that since
yours is a paper of the soldiers, by the soldiers, and for the soldiers, by the soldiers, and for the soldiers, by the soldiers, and for the soldiers we would ask that
you allow us space in your columns to describe
some of the work performed by the Ammunition
some of the work performed by the Ammunition
Trains.

During the recent American operations and
during the only real American offensive must
start
with the Ammunition Trains, and the man and
performed by the Ammunition
of time in which for transport ammunition to
the batteries. It must go forward and it does
not interference.

As every one knows, we carry our "pizen"
up at night and frequently over roads while
are pitted with shell holes, boddy worn and
knee deep in mud. all whom tights.

Not informant interference.

As every one knows, we carry our "pizen"
up at night and frequently over roads while
are pitted with shell holes, boddy worn and
knee deep in mud. all whom tights.

Not information Trains and putte recently we are
not want to jack them up and, build
a coordinor one for the gauntlet of Germain artillery and fishince.

Often we have to ran the gauntlet of Germain artillery and fishince.

Often we have to a chard length of the control of the state of the paper through the kindness that
he walls of the houses had been knocked into the
walls of the houses had been knocked into the
walls of the houses had been knocked into the
walls of the houses had been knocked into the
world.

It may brave be yet in assisting me to locate the bands ind orchestras in the ALE, that have organized into the
transport troops from reserve station to the
there is a no offensive was a cream length; and the mid fine and prepared by
the fine fine and the fine of the house of the houses had been knocked into the
surface.

It may transport to the that it is a part of
the game and there is not a grumble from a
transport troopies of the firs

walls of the houses had been knocked into any street.

Ours is one of the first organizations of its kind to be brought into action by the A. E. F., and during the time we have been in service in France we have never failed to get there and deliver the goods on time.

To give some idea of the dangers encountered by an Ammunition-Train, will say that we have had four men from one company and three from another recommended for decorations for extraordinary benvery under intenso artillery and machine gun fire. This will show that all our ammunition is not for the artil-

Same of the same o

lery; we have to see that the doughboys get |

At times, after from 48 to 72 hours of haul- To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

all the brave boys who are gone from these shores and are fighting for the liberty of the world.

I enjoy your feature stories, "The Army's Poet," "Fragments From the Front," your

Poet." "Fragments From the Front," your editorials, the cartoons, in fact, every line that is published.

Your make-up is perfect, from a printer's view point. I wish THE STARS AND STRIPES could be circulated in every home in the United States.

United States.

Very truly yours,

Ed. H. Duffendach,

Huntingburg, Ind., "Independe

## A.E.F.'S MUSIC GIRL

allotment. Ecrhaps your readers would like to know that Irving Berlin is now in the Army—Quartermaster Corps, stationed at Camp Upton. He has just put over a clever soldier song which promises to become as popular as some of his other successes, and is entitled "You've Got to Get Up in the Morning." This is now on the press, and our fighting musiclams you've Got to Get Up in the Morning." This is now on the press, and our fighting musiclans in France may expect copies in the next batch of music that they receive from me.

Just an American Giri,

RAY C. SAW 79 Hamilton Place, New